LE TOCSIN!

1389. d. 32.

OR THE ADDRESS OF

CITIZEN FAMINE!!!

TO THE

OPPRESSORS

OF HIS

COUNTRY.

ONE PENNY.

Courteously dispersed.

LE TOCSIN!

OR THE ADDRESS OF

CITIZEN FAMINE!

KINGS! Miniſters! Lords! Commons! and Preſsgangs!—By whatever denomination ye are known, Oh oppreſſors! drop for a moment the clamour of Corruption, and hearken to the voice of Truth.

The paſt ages of the World have been the Epochs of theory, the preſent is an Age of practice, Men begin to act what they formerly thought; an unaccountable impulſe urges the Arm to perform what the Heart dictates, and no ſooner is Tyranny known

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known, than the unanimous conſent of Nations records it for deſtruction.

Beware, then; the arm of vengeance ſhall not be torpid for ever! Man ſupports oppreſſion as long as his prejudices enable him, but when the increaſing Weight exceeds his ſtrength, prejudice takes itſelf away, and the oppreſſion is tumbled to the earth; you may make the Blind believe that there is no Sun, or that it is not at preſent viſible; but you cannot perſwade the awakened ſight of Reaſon that it is only a Farthing candle, Ariſtocratically lighted up, to illumine and benefit a few.

When Bread is wanting, and when Men are ſcarce, do not accuſe Nature with ſterility, do not libel Humanity ſo much by aſſerting that deſtruction is occaſioned by the neceſſities of ſociety; Society is ſufficient for itſelf, it requires no aid, no Crowned Auxiliary, and it cannot be the cauſe of War or Miſery, unleſs ſome *Extra* Monarchy disjoints the parts and diſunites the members. War is the cauſe of Famine, and Courts are the authors of War, they write the Hiſtory of man in letters of blood, and Death is their Hiſtorian! they thin the ranks of Life, they drive the Huſbandman from the plough to the camp, and when Corn becomes ſcarce becauſe the peaſants cannot cultivate it; they exclaim Nature has denied her increaſe, and men ſlaughter

one

one another. Let ns conſider for a moment, if theſe things are true.

While a Commercial intercourſe exiſts between the Nations of the Earth, no ſcarcity can ariſe to any nation, becauſe the ſuperfluity of one Country will always ſupply the deficiency of another, this commercial intercourſe can only be impeded by the machinations of Tyrants! Tyrants are therefore the cauſes of Famine. Oh! ye oppreſſors of my country, have you not violated the ſacred rights of ſocial commerce, and have you not by that means provoked a reciprocal injuſtice. If it was not enough to ſend our Brothers by thouſands to their graves, and to make the Fields of Flanders ſmoke with the gore of our countrymen, ſurely it was an unpardonable exceſs of cruelty to invent a ſyſtem of ſtarvation! at once to depopulate the earth, to barrenize nature, and to invade thoſe ſacred rights of commerce which have hitherto diſtributed the effects of nature to all the Tenants of the Globe.

Thro' you, deſtructive wolves, our children cry in vain for that ſuſtenance, which the forſaken mother is unable to give them; Thro' your arts, the laſt patience of human nature is exhauſted, and while hunger impels the inſulted Sons of poverty to deſperation, the ruffians of war, ſhoot them like Dogs, and death finiſhes that long tale of lingering miſery

miſery, which you Tyrants firſt began: Heavens! ſhall our exiſtence be prolonged, only to make our ſufferings the medium of your proſperity and pleaſure, ſhall our ſcanty meals, and hard-earned morſels ſcarcely keep together the laſt remnants of a weary being, that you may wallow in Luxury, and tread with inſolence upon the hands that feed you; No! No! if humanity is to fall, let it fall the Heroe of nature, and let the dagger of vengeance be the trophy to celebrate the ſtruggles of expiring Liberty, and adorn the ſepulchre of virtue.

This may be the language of paſſion, but it is alſo the language of Truth; there are many truths diſagreeable to Statesmen, and none more ſo than, thoſe which have an effect attatched to the non-obſervance of them; patience appears to me a virtue, in proportion as avarice and ambition are German vices; Hanover is the Fountain-head of purgation, and Johnny Bull can evidence the effects of the German Spa. However let us remember, that, tho' it is the *intent* of Hanover to be the receiver of Gold, it is not his *interest* to take away our ſheaves of Corn, ſince in that caſe it may be our *interest* to plant Hemp inſtead of Wheat.

Inform me great and awfull Juſtice! which is guilty, the Monarchs, Miniſters, and Prieſts who adviſe deſtruction, and murder, and ſend our Corn

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and Cattle to feed the Whiſkered Slaves of Auſtria; or the Peaſant, Mechanic, or Laborer, who impelled by Nature's appetites, ſnatches from the Contractor a morſel which they have not bought? who great Juſtice! deſerves moſt to ſuffer from the Military Aſſaſſins of the day? Juſtice points to the Crown, to the Robe of Office, and the Mitre, The Spade, the Anvil and the Loom are greater ornaments to life,—the Children of Nature uſe them,—and whatever Nature produces, is their Heritage and Right.

It were well if your Red-coat Aſſaſſins would ceaſe to murder for you, for then your Tyranny would ceaſe to be. However the Soldier is not the moſt faithful of your dogs, you feed him upon hard Cruſts! No ſooner ſhall the People offer him a better meal, then he will deſert from your ſtandard, and unite with the People.—Already the army is becomming enlightened; Gunpowder will ſoon be a uſeleſs material, and the Soldier will ſhortly be exalted from the ſtate of a Slave into a Man.—Beware of that day when the Cap of Liberty ſhall be ſupported by thoſe men, whom you now treat as Slaves! it approaches, and Tyranny trembles at the quickneſs of the ſtep! Tyranny and Freedom have engaged in a race; Tyranny which at firſt gained upon humanity, thro' the violence of its progreſs, now grows weary, every nerve is exhauſtead

ſted, and leaning on a broken Sword, it ſcarcely pants along,—while Freedom amid the ſhouts of Millions arives triumphant at the Goal.

If this is not warning ſufficient to you, apply your attention to the Vengeance which Public miſery is preparing to ſhower on your heads, look at the ſcenes of ſorrow and ſtarvation, of which you are the cauſe, and ſee the victims of Famine, whom you have deprived of Bread and Cheeſe, feaſting on the ideas of future Juſtice.—Give them a Peace—Deſtroy your Monopolies,—Reform your Senates, Diſband your Aſſociations—Decline your Penſions, and then hoping for better days, the inſulted World may relax its ſeverity, and by comforting the exiſtence of others, you may perpetuate your own.

Whenever the thunder of human Juſtice is collected in the receſs of human Sorrow, it is no partial rod erected on the edifice of Tyranny that can divert the blow,—Man knows your guilt, he is ſenſible of the Oppreſſion with which you goad him, and he is preparing the Tribunal of Juſtice, to retribute his injuries,—Exert your caution, make uſe of your Political Arithmetic and ſay if it is better to multiply human Sorrows, and divide ſocial connections, or to to reduce the ſum of miſery, and caſt up the general account of our Liberties and Rights; conſider well, with War, Famine and Oppreſſion

preſſion—come Diſcord, Vengeance and Deſtruction.—with Peace, Plenty and Principle,—come Life, Wealth and Security. Reflect ſeriouſly, give us BREAD, or the appetites of Nature will oblige us to devour you? ceaſe to Murder us with your Military, or the Bayonet that ſlew the unfortunate victims of Hunger and Poverty, may alſo peirce the Flinty-heart of the wretch, whoſe being is the abuſe of life, and whoſe Tyranny is a Libel upon the patience of MAN.

FINIS.